

THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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FOR THE ARIEL.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S CAT.

"Oh! that I had been born an oyster!" was the touching exclamation of Francis Hopkinson—Oh! that I had been born an oyster, I have an hundred—aye! two hundred times, exclaimed—Myself enclosed within a shell, and all my cares shut out; and then, "deep in the bosom of the ocean buried!" the waves in quiet must have rolled over me, and my delicate sensibilities would never have been irritated by the discord of earth; by the hard-heartedness or soft-headedness of man!

How often, when reflecting on the dismal lot of mortality, have I sighed myself into a reverie—like the child that cries itself to sleep—and long enjoyed in my imagination the ecstatic quiet of an oyster's existence.

Within my polished, pearly gates enclosed—the world by a rough barrier shut out! and—then I opened my shell to see the beauties that surrounded me—but in rushed the salt water and nearly stung my eyes out! It, however, open'd them, and quickened them to perceive the dark side of the picture. And oh! the dismal deep!—I shuddered as the sea serpent trailed his horrid length above me; or, mayhap, trod upon my very nose! and then—but then came the thought of the horrible amphibious species of the Genus Homo.—Not even there can I be safe; man sometimes violates the repose even of an oyster bed!—I felt his avaricious iron clutches claw me in the deep; my "soul shrunk back upon herself"—I closed my shell, and wished it could have been forever. But no! there yet was more; I shuddered as my mouth was opened by the cold, cold steel, and I felt—a "secret dread and inward horror of falling into naught," as I was about to be swallowed up in eternity, through the medium of a dandy's stomach! "More than this I scarce could die!"—and never after did I envy the uncertain pleasure of an oyster's life.

But, think not, because I see that other beings of creation (if an oyster, poor thing! is a being) are liable to misfortunes, that I am happy and contented with my own troubles and perplexities—far from it—"man was made to mourn;" at any rate to *mope*—to complain of his own misery, and envy the happiness of others—to sigh for the fair prospect, while "distance lends enchantment to the view," then curse it when, approaching it, "it fades to sightless rocks and shapeless shades." But (not to philosophise further) I must tell thee of my present suffering. My peace is broken by the contemplation of the felicitous life of MY NEIGHBOUR'S CAT. Through every hour of the day, while I am busied at my avocations, I behold her, in her enjoyment, only to

envy her voluptuous existence. Think not, my reader, that it is the revel of some joyous kitten in playful pursuit of her eluding tale, that pleases me. The matronly animal whose deportment I so much admire, has long since thrown off the follies of her youth, and very like her tail has "gone with them, and sunk in the grave." During all this summer weather, while it is "too hot to live," as we, on the sunny side, say, she, on the other, is enjoying a cool breeze in the shade in her window; and, undisturbed by the heat that makes us wretched, is dreaming in delicious quiet, or musing in happy security upon the mutability of mortal things: the caloric of election contests, and the warmth of the weather, are alike to her but "trifles light as air!" From these platonic raptures she is only disturbed by the kind attentions of her waiting maid, (the maid herself would say *mistress*) whose whole life seems devoted to her happiness, and who, thrice an hour, will raise the curtain of her window, see that puss is safe, pat her head and stroke her back, before she leaves her to her dreams again!

What, then! you exclaim, is she never disturbed by naughty boys? Do no wicked dogs destroy her peace—and, even at the dining hour, almost destroy her piece-meal? No, reader, no! The subject of this memoir is lifted far above such dangers. And often, perhaps, thou hast past with a heavy heart beneath her, nor known that so happy a being was near. Her residence is on the window of the second story—there, with the sash raised, one shutter bowed, the curtain dropped and waving in the breeze, she reclines in easy gracefulness—her skin as sleek as the polished tortoise shell which it resembles. Yet think not, though so nice in her appearance, she displays her vanity to man—her toilet is always made before she takes her place in the window; and though she looks in as good case as if she were always indulging her appetite, the vulgar process of mastication has never been performed before me—But there she lies, like one who enjoyed all the comforts of this life, and yet lived a life of soul; and instead of dragging out existence here, was looking at the sky and enjoying an ethereal being there. There she reclines.—Should some more unfortunate sister utter a defying or desponding squall, as some canine traveller, for sport or anger, snaps or barks at her, in the street below, she scarcely heeds the noise, or if she is abstracted a moment from her reverie, and her countenance of poetic wandering is slowly turned in the direction of the mundane noise, she looks with dignified composure, with calm self possession; or (if that smacks too much of indifference) rather with a look

secure from apprehension, yet softened with the mildest sympathy; she looks down, indeed, upon the scene, as we may suppose the spirit of another world would look upon the sins, the sufferings, and the strife of this.

Such is the being whose happiness I envy—and then, oh cruel fate! to think that man so soon must pass his little day; but there are nine lives for a cat!—'Tis well! for man is weary of existence oftentimes before his death; but who would not welcome life nine times if he were MY NEIGHBOUR'S CAT. ELLIC.

TO THE UNMARRIED.

Of all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife, let him be never so frugal, industrious or successful; and it avails nothing if she is unfaithful to his trust or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained; but if she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an encouraging smile, with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandize or farm? fly over lands? sail upon the sea? meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to sooth the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of any man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness no sympathising partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; a heart ready to sympathise in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion, and a life that is absolutely bound up in his; and as enjoyment derives additional relish from anticipation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

A MAN OF HONOR.—The "foreigner of distinction," who was lately wounded in a duel in Rhode Island, and who was obliged to remain for some time in Pawtucket until his wounds should be healed, has it seems, ran off without paying his tavern bill! A most droll conception of honor, truly. The Pawtucket Chronicle remarks, 'Such is the Duelist. He will fight for honor, be wounded for honor, and murder for honor; but he will not pay for honor or justice.'

JENNY KELLY

The following well written story, by the author of "Myrtle Leaves," first inserted in the European Magazine, derives an interest from its being a fact, unadorned by fiction.—The writer of it, it is stated, is a near relative to the unfortunate female, whose brief history he records:

In the town of Newry, Ireland, lived Jenny Kelly, the subject of this little narrative. At this distance of time, not any thing material is known of her parents; it is only known that they were honest and industrious, and that they brought up their daughter according to their means. Before she attained the age of 18 years, she became the object of affection to two suitors. This distinction which would have been flattering to the vanity of most young women of her age, proved to her the greatest misfortune. She had a fine countenance, an elegant figure, an amiable disposition, and was of singularly industrious habits.—Her voice was moreover uncommonly fine, and she carolled as merrily as the lark and as sweetly as the nightingale. In short, she could not but make any man a good wife, and a delightful companion.

Poor girl! when I think of her fate, a tear of pity falls to her memory. Yet Jenny did not become a prey to the arts of a seducer; she was reserved for misery of a different kind.

The two rivals who sought her affections, were brother clerks, in the firm of Messrs. Ogle & Thompson, well known merchants in Newry. The circumstances of each were nearly equal, and they were generally regarded with a degree of respect, little short of that shown to the partners themselves. Kays was the name of one lover, M'Evoy that of the other. Kays was a very handsome young man, tall and well shaped; his rival had not the same advantages of person, and was conscious of the superiority of Kays in this respect. But this reflection only caused him to redouble his attentions to Jenny, and to do every thing in his power to ingratiate himself into her esteem. Whether or not Kays was less ardent or persevering in evincing his attachment, cannot now be known; but after much persuasion and entreaty, Jenny, though her heart owned a preference to Kays, yielded to the importunities of M'Evoy, and was married to him accordingly.

Jenny was young, and probably scarcely knew her own heart at the time, else she ought not to have given her hand to one lover, and her affections to another. It was a weakness on her part, and she bitterly atoned for it; yet who shall blame her?

"Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong."

and might there not be some neglect on the part of Kays?

When Jenny became a wife, she was fully sensible of the duties and obligations which her new condition imposed upon her; and she determined to do all in her power, not only to retain the affections of her husband, but to increase her own towards him. With these feelings they might have been happy; but connubial bliss was not to be the lot of this young creature.

It may easily be imagined that K. who was not less fond of Jenny than his successful rival, was plunged into a state of distraction, as soon as he knew the utter ruin of his hopes. In the first paroxysm of his rage he threatened destruction to both; but becoming more calm, he conceived a scheme of revenge, which he determined to carry into effect. He began to affect an indifference upon the subject; to utter innuendoes that could not but create strange conjectures; and at last he did not scruple to

insinuate, in plain terms, and in such a way that it was sure to reach M'Evoy's ears, that he had previous to her marriage had an illicit intercourse with the young bride. Such reports were not long in finding circulation; they speedily came to the knowledge of M'Evoy and his wife, and their feelings on the occasion it may be supposed were deeply though very differently affected. Jenny became melancholy; her appetite failed her, she grew pale and thin, and was frequently caught in tears. The cruelty of Kays cut her to the heart. M'E. though he did not absolutely believe in the rumors of his wife's dishonor, was not certain that they were altogether false. Of all feelings, that of jealousy is most easily roused, and when once awakened,

"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

Kays and M'Evoy were still placed near each other, and there were mutual heart burnings and bickerings between them. Both however avoided coming to open resentment; the one knowing himself to be the projector of an unfounded calumny; the other being loth to render more public than it was, the reported disgrace of his wife.

Poor Jenny bore up against the influence of her feelings as long as she could; her home was wretched to her susceptible and artless mind, for doubt and suspicion hung over it. Her husband's eye no longer beamed on her with the soft light of confiding love; in a few weeks she fell ill, her brain became delirious, and the medical attendants despaired of her life. M'Evoy was himself in a state to be pitied, and well might he have reproached the author of his sufferings in the language of our greatest bard—

"If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed:
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that."

The effects of Kay's perfidy now stared him in the face, and for the first time made him sensible of his baseness. He was not naturally of a base disposition—and his passion for Jenny revived in all its force; he would have died to restore her to her senses, and to repair the wrong he had done her. He hastened to her mother's house to confess his guilt, and ask her forgiveness; but he was denied admittance. Every hour only made him the more desirous of atoning for the injuries he had committed, and of expressing to her his penitence. Again he begged to be admitted to the poor girl; he appeared almost broken hearted, his request was again refused. Unable to retain himself any longer, he confessed that the story he told concerning her was a wicked fabrication. "Good Heavens," he exclaimed, raising his eyes and clasping his hands, "could but I hear her say she forgave me, how happy should I be; but now I am miserable." "You cannot, you must not see her, my poor child is dying; the sight of you would be too much for her, she is dying! do not ask it."

He bade the disconsolate mother farewell, and hurried away overwhelmed with grief and horror. He could not rest; all was dark and gloomy within him; agonized and scarcely knowing what he did, he solicited on the following day, a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Newry, at one of the inns, and openly declared to all present, that every word he had said against Jenny was false, and that the cause of his malignant fabrication was his excessive love, and his madness at seeing her possessed by another. He was in consequence dismissed from his situation. Still, however, he did not despair of seeing his unfortunate

victim, and of confessing to her his villainy.—With this intention he again repaired to her mother's residence, but it was too late; her spirit had fled to that world where the praise or censure of man is equally indifferent, in six weeks after her bridal day.

The remainder of the story is brief. Kays shortly after left Newry for America, entered the army, and was killed. The husband, who was inconsolable for a time, despaired of ever being happy with another woman, should he marry again. This proved true; for a twelve-month after Jenny's death, he married a young woman who very strikingly resembled Jenny, and it was partly, perhaps, from this similitude, that he married her. Shortly after his second marriage, in a tumult arising out of an election contest, a gentleman drew his sword against M'Evoy, who parried it with his sword stick, but in the affray the gentleman was run through the body, and fell dead upon the spot. M'Evoy was tried for his life; he said, in his defence, he cared not to live, but he asserted he drew his sword in his own defence. His employers supported him to the utmost, on his trial. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and according to the practice of the time, was burnt in the hand. He left Ireland with his newly married wife, went to America, and, like his rival, entered the army, in which he was promoted and highly respected by all.

The late Miss Jane Taylor says, "I do believe the reason why so few men, even among the intelligent, wish to encourage the mental cultivation of women, is their excessive love of the 'good things' of this life: they tremble for their dear stomachs, concluding that a woman who could taste the pleasures of poetry or sentiment, would never descend to pay due attention to these exquisite flavors in pudding or pie, that are so gratifying to their philosophic palates; and yet, poor gentlemen, it is a thousand pities they should be so mistaken: for after all, who so much as a woman of sense and cultivation, will feel the real importance of her domestic duties, or who so well, so cheerfully, perform them?"

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—When Fontenelle was ninety-seven years of age, he happened to be in company with the then young and beautiful Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks.—Fontenelle was always a great admirer of beauty, and he had been paying the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down to table, however, he passed her, and set himself down without perceiving her. "See, now," said Madame Helvetius, "what dependence is to be placed in all your fine speeches, you pass on before without looking at me!"—"Madame," said the gallant old man, "if I had stopped to have looked at you, I could never have passed on."

A young man just returned from his travels, on meeting his father who was a rich usurer, embraced him affectionately, exclaiming, "my dear father, how happy I am to see you again." "Welcome home, my son," responded the old gentleman, "and I might say too, my dear son, for your travelling has cost me a con-founded sight of money."

PRIDE.—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his also.

DRUNK.—It is an honor to the Spanish law, says Sir Wm. Temple, that a man loses his testimony, if he is proved once to have been drunk.

SINCERITY.—Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and to be what we would really seem to be.

THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.

This book professes to be from the pen of a British Officer, who is now living upon his half pay,—that miserable pittance of forty pounds a year, and no doubt has yet been started of his describing more than he has seen, or that he has never seen what he describes. In common with the London Magazine, we are glad to see the half pay on such active literary service. The 'Adventures of a French Sergeant' were pronounced a forgery: but, as we had read them before any rumor of their falsity had gone abroad, we devoured the book with infinite relish, innocently thinking it was all true! Therefore, as this is an age of criticism, and as flaws can be found in the best contrived lie, lest the "Military Sketch Book" should be questioned, we advise our readers to look into it at once, without further delay.

The title is remarkably appropriate, for the work consists of nothing but Sketches—some of which are very good, and some very bad. As we prefer the best of such things, take the following, "GERAGHTY'S KICK," one of the best, as a pretty fair specimen of the whole.

"At the battle of Talevera, when the hill on the left of the British line had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadiers belonging to the forty-fifth regiment, who were standing on the summit of a hill. The fuse was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell, on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood: it was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, 'By J—, I'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last;' and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a close column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vehement and good-natured energy, bawled out, 'Mind your heads, boys; mind your heads!' Horror! the shell burst—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion!

"Geraghty was wholly unconscious of having done any mischief. It was a courageous impulse of the moment, which operated upon him in the first instance; and the injury to the service was not worse than if the shell had remained where it first fell. Self-preservation is positively in favor of the act, considering that there was no other way of escaping from destruction.

"Very serious consequences would have still attended the matter, had it not been for the active exertions of the officers; for the men of the regiment, among which the shell was thrown, and who had escaped, were with difficulty prevented from mounting the hill and executing summary punishment upon the grenadiers, from whom the unwelcome messenger had been so unceremoniously despatched. Thus they would have increased in an alarming degree the evil consequences of Geraghty's kick.

"An unexpected shower of admiration and flattery, like the sudden possession of great and unexpected wealth, produces evil effects upon a weak head. The perilous kick, instead of exalting Geraghty's fortunes, as it would

have done had he been a prudent man, produced the very opposite consequences. He was talked of throughout the regiment—nay, the whole division—for this intrepid act; every body, officers and all, complimented him upon his coolness and courage; and the general who commanded his regiment (Sir John Doyle) gave him the most flattering encouragement. All this was lost upon Geraghty; he was one of those crazy fellows whom nothing but the weight of adversity could bring to any tolerable degree of steadiness; and instead of profiting by his reputed bravery, he gave way to the greatest excesses. Finding that he was tolerated in one, he would indulge in another, until it became necessary to check the exuberance of his folly. He gave way completely to drunkenness: when under the effects of liquor, although a most inoffensive being when sober, he would try to "carry all before him," as the phrase goes; and having succeeded in this so frequently, amongst the privates and non-commissioned officers of his regiment, the excitement of the excess began to lose its pungency in his imagination, and he determined to extend his enjoyments amongst the officers: this very soon led him to most disagreeable results. It had been ordered that the privates should not walk upon a certain part of the parade in Colchester barracks. Geraghty, however, thought proper to kick against it as determinedly as he formerly did against the shell. Charged with strong rum, he one day strutted across it in a manner becoming a hero of Talevera (as he thought), and was seen by two of his officers, ensigns, who sent the orderly to desire him to move off the forbidden ground; but Geraghty declined obedience, and told the orderly to "be off to the d—! out of that." The ensigns, on being informed of the disobedience, proceeded to the delinquent, and renewed their orders, which were not only disregarded, but accompanied by a violent assault from Geraghty. The refractory giant seized an ensign in each hand, and having lifted both off the ground, dashed their heads together. This was seen by some other officers and soldiers of the regiment, who all ran instantly to rescue the sufferers from Geraghty's gripe. None could, however, secure him; he raged and threatened vengeance on all who came within the length of his long arms; nor would he have surrendered had it not been for a captain in the regiment, under whose eye he had pulled many a trigger against the enemy. This officer approached with a stick, seized him by the collar, and began to lay on in good style. "Leather away," cried Geraghty, "I'll submit to you, Captain, and will suffer any thing; flog me if you like. You are a good sodger, an' saw the enemy; but, by J—, I'll not be insulted by brats o' boys who never smelt powder."

"The consequences of this violence of course led to punishment: Geraghty was flogged for the mutiny: he received six hundred and fifty lashes, laid heavily on; yet he never uttered a groan during the whole of this suffering; and when taken down, although bleeding, bruised, and doubtless greatly exhausted, assumed an air of insolent triumph; put on his shirt, and boldly walked off to the hospital.—The body of the man was overcome—the pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye, the livid lip, the clammy mouth—all declared it; but the spirit was wholly untouched by the lash: nothing on earth could touch it."

Our limits exclude further extracts for the present. The work, however, is amusing, and as well calculated as the best of such ephemeral productions, to pass away pleasantly an idle hour.

ALLEMAR AND ELLEN.

FROM THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.

Along by the sea-cliff as Allemar hied,
To wear the sad moments away,
With sorrow he view'd the increase of the tide,
Look'd o'er the dark breast of the ocean, and sigh'd.
"My Ellen—oh! why dost thou stay?"

Three sun-setting hours did he visit the shore,
Thrice viewed the slow ebb of the tide:
For the ship was expected full three days before,
To crown all his hopes, and his Ellen restore—
His gentle, his beautiful bride.

The twilight was rapidly lessening his view,
Black hillocks uprose on the main,
Now stronger and stronger the whistling wind blew,
And clouds through the heavens as rapidly flew
As thought across Allemar's brain.

The surf now began to redouble its force,
As it broke at the foot of the rock;
Wave rose upon wave in their hurrying course,
The raven flew home, while his croaking so hoarse,
As he passed, seemed the surges to mock.

Now comes the loud thunder, now flies the bleak rain,
Now flash after flash follows on,
In horror poor Allemar looks o'er the main,
Now turns he away, and now gazes again,
There's the ship—see the flash—'tis a gun!

'Tis the call of distress to the heart of the brave;
Enough!—he determines to dare
Every fury that rode on the terrible wave,
And there, 'midst their horrors to perish, or save
His Ellen—oh! should she be there!

He's away in his bark, and all clear of the shore—
"Holy Mary," the fishermen pray:
He plied at the oar, and he plied at the oar,
And he tossed for an hour in the billow's uproar,
But the ship—she was still far away.

And he tossed and he tossed on the fathomless grave,
In the midst of the mountains of foam,
While fast came the night, and still faster the wave,
Back, back with thy bark! and thyself seek to save,
For the ship has already her doom!

No—onward he went, till across his dark way
He perceived, by the lightning so bright,
A plank of the wreck—there a white figure lay,
Washed over and over by every sea—
It was Ellen—Oh, God! what a sight!

Ere passed the red flashes, he seized on his prize,
Oh, think how the lover was blest!
He chafed her, he kissed her, she opened her eyes—
"I've saved thee, my Ellen!" poor Allemar cries,
As he presses her close to his breast.

How deceitful and vain were his hopes and his boasts!
He saw not the ill that was nigh:
The last ray of twilight in darkness was lost,
And alas! he was more than a mile from the coast,
Not a star could be seen in the sky!

I've saved thee, my Ellen! he wildly repeated,
Life rose in her heart at the sound,
"We are safe," she replied—but how suddenly fled
The false light of hope which their love had created,
The horror of truth was around!

Still loud raged the storm, and still wild rolled the
waves,

Will not Heaven the fond lovers save?
They embrace, and they cling, and they shriek—
O, dismay,
Break, break not upon them, dark billow!—away—
It is past—they are sunk in the wave!

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

BY MISS PORTER.

O, grant my prayer, and let me go,
Thy toils to share, thy path to smooth;
Is there a want, a wish, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to soothe?
At morn, when sleep still seals thine eyes,
My hand thy temperate meal shall spread;
At night my smiles shall check thy sighs,
And my fond arms support thy head.
And if thy vexing cares should dart
Some hasty word, my zeal to still,
Still this unchanging, tender heart,
The sacred vow I made shall fill.

KNOWLEDGE: BY LORD BROOKE.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension,
And knowledge is the measure of the mind;
And as the mind in her vast comprehension
Contains more worlds than all the world can find,
So knowledge doth itself far more extend,
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

FOR THE ARIEL.
ORIGINAL REVIEW.

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

This very commendable poem, descriptive of Peter's Ride to the Wedding, is one of the cleverest things we have met with this many a day. It is one of those rare events which, as Washington Irving would say, is not to be met with even in the recollection of that renowned personage, the oldest inhabitant! And more than all this: unlike many of our modern poems, it tells us just what its title threatens us with, and no more; no flying off in a tangent to the right or left, and, under the appearance of illustrating the text, giving us a wire drawn story of a column or two, that makes us not one whit wiser, than we were before. We are told, in the title, that it is "Peter's Ride to the Wedding." It appears, moreover, on a farther inspection, that there was to be a wedding—for the poet says,

"Peter would go to the wedding—"

Now this is too intelligible to be mistaken. We admire the brevity of the author—his happy talent at telling us a great deal in a few words; and, by the way, we are also bound to believe what he tells us. Thus it appears there was to be a wedding—but, alas! where was it to be? But no matter for that: it is enough for us to know that a wedding *was to be*. The author has shown his sagacity in concealing something, at least, from us. An author should not be too intelligible.—There must be some mystery—yes, we must be left to imagine something. Who would have cared a farthing about the Waverley novels if it had been known who wrote them? No, no—an author must always appear to be wiser than his readers. But, as we said before, it is evident, from the story, that a wedding *was to be*, and that Peter would go to it.

"Peter would go to the wedding—he would."

It seems too, that Peter's mind was fully made up. Whether he was invited, is a matter of no consequence to us. All we know is, that he would go: and mark, "he would." That is, he *would* go: nothing should prevent him. How emphatic! How firmly is he determined! He was not to be put off or disappointed. There was none of that boyish bashfulness about him, which, when a lad enters a room full of wedding guests, makes him feel as if he had been sacking a hen-roost, or had a halter round his neck. But we must follow Peter—that is we must go on with the story—for to follow Peter would only get us into the same awful dilemma with himself.

"So he saddled his Ass, and—his wife."

Here it is very clear that Peter had neither horse, chair, nor carriage—no, not even a horse—for if he had, why should he prefer his Ass to all of them? The conclusion is natural. Nay, it is absolutely irresistible. What! to think that Peter—he whose fondness for good company was such as to make him say he *would* go to the wedding—to think that such a man would saddle so sorry a beast as an Ass, if he had had a horse?—the idea is absurd, and altogether opposed to what must now be the reader's opinion of his character. But, besides all this, it appears that Peter actually saddled his—wife! What! saddled his wife! Not that he did, in plain English, put a saddle on her back. Not at all. Remember; Peter was going to a wedding; and for him to take her there, and introduce her into a house full of company with a saddle on her back, would have been monstrous—unworthy of Peter's gallantry. The case is entirely different—and we mention it, as our firm belief, that Peter never even once thought of such a thing. Indeed, we think the author might have been a little more particular in this part of his story; and for fear that any well meaning person should believe that Peter did actually put a saddle on his wife's back, and then fasten the girths, we deem it no more than right to express our decided belief that he did—no such thing. For what would he have done with a saddle on his wife's back? What *could* he have done? He had an Ass to ride, already—and the poor woman could have gone on foot; and even at the worst, without such an unheard of ornament as a *saddle* fastened to her! only

think how it would disorder her dress!—But a world of reflections might be suggested:—we let them all pass. It is enough to say that Peter saddled his Ass, and afterwards put her upon it. This appears, without the least circumlocution, in the very next line—

"She was to ride behind, if she could."

Here, now, we see that Peter never *thought* of saddling his wife—and we shall take this occasion to hint to our author the absolute necessity of being clear and definite. It costs us reviewers a world of deep thinking to reconcile such knotty inconsistencies. But his wife *was* to ride. She was to ride *behind*—if she *could*. Now the plain English of this is, that, rather than not go to the wedding at all, she might ride behind—and if she couldn't ride there, she might fall off—and there's the end of *her* journey. Unfeeling man! you have just been acquitted of the terrible charge of saddling your wife, and here another act, equally unkind, presents itself. But stop—let Peter speak for himself. Hear what he says:

"For, says Peter, the woman, she should Follow, not lead, through life!"

How triumphant an argument! He gives us the best reason in the world—a better one than even we could give. Admirable man! He has here embodied in two short lines the collected wisdom of the whole learned world—for who among them has ever contended that the woman should lead, not follow, through life.

The next that we hear from Peter is, when he and his wife had been fairly mounted on the Ass. There they were—firm and fast—fixed as snugly on the Ass as any two *could* be fixed. It was a proper time for them to indulge in reflections—short meditations—such as they appear to have been afflicted with.

"He's mighty convenient the Ass, my dear, And proper and safe—"

These, now, are the most natural reflections that could have been suggested. Only think of Peter and his wife seated on an Ass, and just about starting off for a wedding. What a comfortable prospect! Who is there that does not envy them! But Peter need not have told us that the Ass was so "very convenient." Every body knew that before. Yet, perhaps, poor man, in the fullness of his heart, chuckling at the thought of being the owner of an *Ass*, he could not refrain from telling us that the Ass was convenient. It appears, however, that he was more than common Asses—which at best are merely convenient. But this of Peter's was so *mighty* convenient! What a wonderful animal! And besides this, he was "proper and safe." Here, beyond a doubt, Peter actually told a bouncer. They were both fairly mounted—there was no getting off in a hurry—no backing out—and yet Peter, with the most awful gravity, tells his wife that the Ass is proper and safe. Why, this is enough to alarm any woman—as much so as to give her a dose of magnesia, and then tell her she had not swallowed arsenic! The very gravity with which he announced the thing was sufficient to startle her. Fortunately, however, he said, by way of preparing her to guard against the worst,

"—and now, You stick by the tail while I stick by the ear, And we'll get to the wedding in time, never fear, If the wind and the weather allow."

It would seem from this that Peter had no very comfortable presentiment of what this same Ass's tricks were. To think of one sticking by the tail, and the other holding fast to the ear! Why, the very thought of resorting to such direful means to preserve life and limb, is enough to appall one. But Peter and his heroic wife were not to be appalled. A more trying scene was approaching, calculated to try all their nerves.

"The wind and the weather were not to be blamed, But the Ass—he had let in a whim, That two at a time was a load never framed For the back of one Ass, & he seemed quite ashamed That two should be stuck upon him."

What was to be done now? Here they had fixed themselves upon their favorite Dobbin—armed at all points, and ready to start, when lo! the obstinate beast, which only a few moments ago was so "mighty conve-

nient," actually refused to move one inch! We have Peter's own words for it—

"Come, Dobbin, says Peter, I'm thinking we'll trot, I'm thinking we won't, says the Ass In the language of conduct, and stuck to the spot, As though he had said he would sooner be shot Than lift up a toe from the grass."

What a dreadful dilemma! Was mortal man ever so provoked, or a "mighty convenient" Ass ever so provokingly obstinate! There was the wedding company all assembled—the silken knot about to be tied—and for aught we know, the wedding dinner actually smoking on the table, and waiting to be devoured—and Peter and his dear, patient wife, on the very tiptoe of expectation, and in the most lamentable hurry to get there—when this obstinate mule—this "mighty convenient" Ass, pertinaciously refused to move one way or the other, as if he had said that he would sooner be shot than do it! In this appalling crisis,

"Says Peter, says he, I'll whip him a little."

What a moderate temper must Peter have been blessed with! To whip so obstinate a mule was very natural, and to whip him soundly was the very thing that Ichabod Crane did, when his blear-eyed beast, Gunpowder by name, stood stock still in a fearful night, in front of the haunted tree. Nay, to use the expressive language of his biographer, he "rained a shower of blows" upon the ribs of Gunpowder. Yet here was Peter in as trying a predicament, and he, humane man! only thought of whipping him "a little!"—And then, for the first time, his wife spoke out. She had been silent all this time—commendably so—perhaps her thoughts were unutterable—

"Try it, my dear, says she."

Here, now, is Spartan brevity, with Amazonian courage. Try it, says she! Careless of consequences, she dared even the utmost fury of this, their "mighty convenient" Ass! But their little whipping was of no avail. In the expressive words of the author, for

"—never a step moved he."

By this time Peter's wife had grown valorously bold: "I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle, says she, I'm thinking he'll alter his mind."

And so he did: for "up went his heels"—whereupon Peter very naturally concludes that the said Ass begins to feel

"Some notion of moving behind!"

But alas! their labor was all in vain. Nothing could be done with this "mighty convenient" Ass. As a last, forlorn hope, they concluded

"To let, for an instant, both tail and ear go, And spur him at once all around."

This was their only hope. The crisis was approaching. Perhaps the wedding, dinner and all, might be over and gone, before they got near enough even to scent it. No time was to be lost. Besides, the conclusion was not to be resisted, that if one pricking caused his heels to move, two might set his whole carcass going. It was a plain question in the rule of three: and if his carcass *did* go, they must go with it—little dreaming that there was even a bare possibility of their *not* going with it! But,

"So said, so done, all hands were a spurring, And the Ass he *did* alter his mind; For he flew in a trice, like partridges whirling, And got to the wedding while all were a stirring, But—he left his load behind!"

Mercy on us! what a catastrophe! And this the author very pompously calls "a ride to a wedding." It was no such thing—as my uncle Toby would say. And here the reader must be forcibly struck with the truth of what we asserted in the outset—that Peter had no other beast than this vicious Ass—for if he had, (and the closeness of the scrutiny is worthy the importance of the subject) if he had, we say, he would have dismounted and got him, and would not have waited to let the Ass dismount him.

Now, in conclusion, we consider this story of Peter and his adventurous attempt at riding, a very clever thing—almost equal to the review of it. Indeed, we feel a freedom to invite the author to another attempt. We would have the young man be encouraged, under a solemn promise not to be severe upon him: for his hero-

Peter has afforded us so much merriment, that we could not find it in our hearts to condemn any thing from the pen of the author of "Peter's Ride to the Wedding." M.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE EMPEROR'S CHOICE.

The sun has set on Byzantium's sea,
In Byzantium's towers is revelry:
Prince, knight, and noble, are gather'd all
To the youthful monarch's festival.

The dulcet sounds of music rush
O'er the sparkling waves of the Bosphorus;
And the anchor'd galley's joyous light
Is streaming afar through the azure night.

Why does the Emperor of the East
Hold to-night so high a feast?
Have his eagles been gorg'd with blood of the Goth?
Has he quell'd the ruthless Sabaoth?

"Search ye the world," was the monarch's command
"For a gem to grace the Imperial hand:
Search the east and search the west,
And bring ye her who is loveliest."

And faithfully have his slaves obey'd
The high command upon them laid;
For the youthful beauties of every land,
Before the kindling lover stand.

From Cashmere's vallies and groves of palm—
From Yemen's odours of spice and balm—
From the glowing splendors of Georgia's sun,
Aspiring beauty has hastened on.

Circassia has yielded its loveliest store,
The brightest are there from Italia's shore;
And warm as their own sunny regions there shine
The dark ey'd damsels of Palestine.

Pure as the gales of Araby,
Tender as love's half-murmur'd sigh,
Bright as the seraphs around Heaven's throne,
Are they whom the Emperor gazes upon.

But there are two, amidst the rest,
Fairest, and brightest, and loveliest,
The daughters of Greece; and the monarch's eye
Has turn'd from the rest of the company.

And she, the taller—Oh! in her eye
Flashes the beam of divinity!
Her face is rais'd, and gleaming thence,
Is more than woman's intelligence.

Her lip is curled, and an angel's scorn
Upon that lip of pride is worn;
Such form did the Tyrian's statue grace,
When it leapt to life in his warm embrace.

The Emperor questions—the maid replies,
Nor bends to the ground her haughty eyes;
And he turns to her who heeds him less,
Who is blushing amidst her loveliness.

Oh delicate is that fairy form,
Like the fleecy clouds that are left when the storm
Has pass'd o'er the heavens; and modesty
Claim'd for its home her hazel eye.

White is old Pindus with his snow,
But whiter is her sunny brow;
And brighter her locks than those that were vow'd
By the goddess-born chief to Sperchius' flood.

The Emperor questions—the roseate blush
O'er spreads her face with a deeper flush;
And no reply? No, she has none—
She cannot speak for Byzantium's throne.

Daughter of Athens, thy monarch, see,
Before thee falls on his bended knee—
Thou art the queen of the wide-spread east,
For she who is modest is loveliest.

*Pygmalion.

Meadeville, (Pa.) July 13th.

FOR THE ARIEL.

STANZAS.

The forest throws its ample shade,
In nature's varied hues array'd:
The yellow leaves around are spread—
They echo to the stranger's tread.
If ere a lonely songster stray,
The blast its murmur bears away,
While here my pensive spirit roves
At eve, through Princeton's twilight groves.
The rolling winds, with solemn tone,
Through waving woods are heard to moan;
There's grandeur in that swelling strain
That flows along the silent plain:

It fills my soul with loftier thought,
From each ennobling feeling caught:
Though sorrow now my bosom moves
To leave fair Princeton's shady groves.

Yes, not those changing hopes and fears
That wait upon our ripper years;
The magic of hope's keenest thrill,
Or disappointment's withering chill;
But retrospection's saddening power,
That leads me at this silent hour,
To haunt those scenes my spirit loves,
And muse in Princeton's shady groves.
Farewell! old Nassau's classic walls,
Her towering shade, her echoing halls;
And all ye scenes were memory strays,
Recalling past delightful days:
Farewell! to those whose friendship warm,
Here gave to life its magic charm;
This swelling heart my sorrow proves,
Farewell! to Princeton's shady groves.

SYLVIA.

FOR THE ARIEL.

TO *****

There is a language of the eye,
That doth in sweetness tell
The heart's o'erflowing sympathy,
To those we love full well.

Beauty may speak in music's tone,
And breathe the heart-felt sigh;
The soul's pure language comes alone
From the bright tell-tale eye.

Love's strain may be in rapture sung,
Or sounded on the lute;
The eye speaks dearer than the tongue,
It speaks when sounds are mute.

But when the heart, the lip, and tell-tale eye,
Bid the tide of rapture roll,
We feel our free thoughts gushing high,
We feel the trance of soul.

We heed not life with all its years
Fast hastening on their way;
Their wither'd flow'rs, their sighs and tears,
Dark not our glad some day.

Then let thine eye, thy lip, thy heart,
Reveal thy thoughts full well;
We'll then embrace—forget to part,
And tales of gladness tell.

G. W. T.

St. Clairsville, Ohio.

FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

By Wm. D. M. Laughlin.

The last beam of day the chased sea was deriding,
The gale half its thunder at evening suppress'd,
And nought woke around, save the tremulous chiding
Of winds and of waters that mingled to rest.

The deep spread afar—nought but skies to unfold,—
Where shone our good ship, to her canvass resigned:
A flower on the desert with none to behold it,
The pride of the waste and the sport of the wind.

The west beamed with gold, and I lingered admiring,
Till night's vernal queen dip'd her horns in the glow,
When we pip'd the first watch and all hands were retiring,
The starboard on deck and the larboard below.

It was in the midwatch so wearied reposing,
I wandered in thought to the vallies again,
Above me the shadows of midnight were closing,
Around me the lullaby hum of the main.

Again I beheld the white thorn and the holly
Uniting their sweets at my dear native door;
Where blooming Content chased away Melancholy,
And mirth, clad in russet, a smile ever wore.

I knew by their names every one who addressed me,
And easily traced every countenance near:
The mother who fondled, the father who blessed me,
The aged, the young, and the bosom friend dear.

I stoop'd at the fount which my children had cherish'd,
I heard the wood robin still whistle his tune;
And where the wild roses in autumn had perished,
I kiss'd my first love by the light of the moon.

But false as the wave—Oh! how short was our greeting,
How fast flew the moments to memory dear!
The beautiful vision with night was retreating;
I woke—it had vanish'd, and morning was near.

Oh! why throb'd my breast with such cheerless emotion!
And why had the morning no peace to impart?
Alas! it arose on the desolate Ocean,
Far, far from the home that I drew in my heart.

HYPOCHRIS.—Shakespeare.

Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O! what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

EPITAPH ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
In Westminster Abbey.—Pope.

Kneller, by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
What'er was beauteous, or what'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honors, poets' lays;
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise:
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

LIFE.—Bishop King.

Like to the falling of a man,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
E'en such is man; whose borrowed light,
Is straight call'd in and paid to night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and—man forgot!
Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast and so away:
Others stay dinner, and depart well fed;
The deepest age, but sups and goes to bed;
He's most in debt that lingers out the day—
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1827.

The following gentlemen will act as Agents for the Ariel:

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LITERARY PERIODICALS.—The second number of the *Social Circle*, published at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, by Rebecca Bates, has been received. It is issued monthly, in octavo, each number containing 24 pages, at fifty cents a year—too cheap by one half. It appears to be quite the fashion for ladies to assume the editorial chair, and take their station among our ranks with as much respectability as they have among the fraternity of authors. The *Messenger*, at Washington City, is conducted by a lady, and even in our own city we find one department of a literary publication confided to the hands of a lady.

The *Parthenon*.—The first number of the *Parthenon*, a new weekly publication, issued and edited by Mr. Samuel Woodworth, has also reached us from New York. Mr. Woodworth is advantageously known to the literary public as the author of many popular poems, and we doubt not but in his hands the *Parthenon* will prove a valuable accession to the periodical literature of the day.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal.—This is the title of a weekly quarto publication, just commenced at Harrisburg, by Mr. John S. Weistling, and is devoted to Domestic Manufactures, Internal Improvements, and Literature in general. The appearance of the work, and the matter in the number before us, are highly creditable to the editor. Such a publication was much wanted in the western part of the state, and it now seems that one has been commenced by a gentleman every way qualified for the task. We heartily wish him, and all his fellow laborers, as much success as they desire.

FROM SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

FIRST MARRIAGE OF BONAPARTE.—A fine boy of ten or twelve years old presented himself at the levee of the General of the Interior, with a request unusually interesting. He stated his name to be Eugene Beauharnois, son of the ci-devant Vicompt de Beauharnois, who, adhering to the revolutionary party, had been a general in the republican service upon the Rhine, and falling under the causeless suspicion of the committee on public safety, was delivered to the revolutionary tribunal, and fell by its sentence just four days before the overthrow of Robespierre. Eugene was come to request of Bonaparte, as general of the interior, that his father's sword might be restored to him. The prayer of the young supplicant was as interesting as his manners were engaging, and Napoleon felt so much concern in him, that he was induced to cultivate the acquaintance of Eugene's mother, afterwards the Empress Josephine.

This lady was a Creolian, the daughter of a planter in St. Domingo. Her name at full length was Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. She had suffered her share of revolutionary miseries. After her husband, Gen. Beauharnois, had been deprived of his command, she was arrested as a suspected person, and detained in prison till the general liberation, which succeeded the revolution of the 9th Thermidor.—While in confinement Madame Beauharnois had formed an intimacy with a companion in distress, Madame Fontenai now Madame Tallien, from which she derived great advantage after her friend's marriage. With a remarkably graceful person, amiable manners, and an inexhaustible fund of good humor, Madame Beauharnois was formed to be an ornament to society. Barras, the Thermidorien, himself an ex-noble, was fond of society, desirous of enjoying it on an agreeable scale, and of washing away the dregs which Jacobinism had mingled with all the dearest interests of life. He loved show, too, and might now indulge in both, without the risk of falling under the suspicion of incivism, which, in the reign of terror, would have been incurred by an attempt to intermingle elegance with the enjoyments of social intercourse. At the apartments which he occupied, as one of the Directorate, in the Luxembourg palace, he gave free course to his natural taste, and assembled an agreeable society of both sexes. Madame Tallien and her friend formed the soul of these assemblies, and it was supposed that Barras was not insensible to the charms of Madame Beauharnois—a rumor which was likely to rise, whether with or without foundation.

When Madame Beauharnois and Gen. Bonaparte became intimate, the latter assures us, and we see no reason to doubt him, that although the lady was two or three years older than himself, yet being still in the full bloom of beauty, and extremely agreeable in her manners, he was induced solely by her personal charms to make her an offer of his hand, heart, and fortunes, little supposing of course to what a pitch the latter were to rise. Bonaparte was then in his 26th year. Josephine gave herself in the marriage contract for 28. Although he himself is said to have been a fatalist, believing in destiny and in the influence of his star, he knew nothing, probably, of the prediction of a negro-sorceress, who, while Marie Joseph was but a child, prophesied she should rise to a dignity greater than that of a queen, yet fall from it before her death. This was one of those vague auguries, delivered at random by fools or impostors, which the caprice of fortune sometimes matches with a corresponding and conforming event. But without trusting to the African sybil's pre-

diction, Bonaparte may have formed his match under the auspices of ambition as well as love. The marrying Madame Beauharnois was a mean of uniting his fortune with those of Barras and Tallien, the first of whom governed France as one of the directors, and the last, from talents and political connexions, had scarcely inferior influence. He had already deserved well of them for his conduct on the day of the Sections, but he required their countenance to rise still higher, and without derogating from the bride's merits, we may suppose her influence in their society correspondent with the views of her lover. It is, however, certain, that he always regarded her with peculiar affection; he relied on her fate, which he considered as linked with, and strengthening his own, and reposed besides, considerable confidence in Josephine's tact and address in political business. She had at all times the art of mitigating his temper, and turning aside the hasty determinations of his angry moments—not by directly opposing, but by gradually parrying and disarming them. It must be added, to her great praise, that she was always a willing, and often a successful advocate to the cause of humanity.

They were married 9th of March, 1796, and the dowry of the bride was the chief command of the Italian armies, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of a youthful general. Bonaparte remained with his wife only three days after his marriage, hastened to see his family, who were still at Marseilles, and having enjoyed the pleasure of exhibiting himself as a favorite of fortune, in the city which he had lately left, in the capacity of an indigent adventurer, proceeded rapidly to commence the career to which fate called him, by placing him at the head of the Italian army.

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pains, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

An English officer in the American war was one evening describing to a large company the phenomena of certain hot and cold springs, which he said he frequently found quite close to each other, during his campaign in the western territory. Just as Selwyn entered the room, he was saying that fish of various sorts abounded in the latter; and that those in the army who were fond of fish, had nothing to do after the fatigues of a day's march, in order to provide a good dinner, but to angle for a few moments with a string and hook in the cold spring, and as soon as the bait took, to pull out the fish and pop it into the hot one, where it was boiled in the twinkling of an eye! This marvellous account operated differently upon the several gentlemen present. Some were incredulous; others amazed; whilst all agreed that it was exceedingly curious. "There is nothing at all surprising in the General's narrative, gentlemen," said Selwyn; "and indeed I myself can vouch for the truth of it; for when I was in France I was witness to similar phenomena. In Auvergne, there are springs similar to those in America; but with this remarkable addition, that there is generally a third, containing hot parsly and butter; accordingly, the peasants, and others who go a fishing, usually carry with them large wooden bowls or ladles, so that after the fish have been cooked agreeably to the General's receipt, they have a most delicious sauce provided for it at the same moment. You seem to doubt my veracity, gentlemen; therefore I only beg that those who are incredulous may set out for France as soon as they please, and see the thing with their own eyes." "But, Mr. Selwyn," said the General, "consider the im-

probability of parsly and butter."—"I beg your pardon, my good sir," interrupted Selwyn, "I gave you full credit for your story, and you are surely too polite not to believe mine."

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

Meditating by one's self, says Locke, is like digging in the mine; it often perhaps brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contains any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing and judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear thinking head.

AN EPITAPH.

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men.
Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb,
Thou knowest its use—it hides—no matter whom.

MEMORY.—In his twelfth year Sir William Jones was moved into the upper school. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable instance. His school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play, and at his recommendation, they fixed upon the Tempest. As it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them so correctly, from memory, that they acted it with great satisfaction to themselves, and with considerable entertainment to the spectators.

A WIFE'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And claims no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

It is a curious fact, that out of thirty-six Barons who signed Magna Charta, only three could write their names; the signatures of the remainder being only (X) their mark.

It is not the place, says Cicero, but the person, that maketh the place honorable. Of all the things this world affords us, the possession and enjoyment of wisdom alone are immortal. A strict adherence to virtue, and a well regulated life, render our pleasures solid and lasting.

People are commonly so much employed in pointing out faults in those ahead of them, as to forget that some behind may, at the instant, be descanting on theirs in the like manner.

Those who submit to the control of human laws, do well; but he who does the same thing from regard to the principle of truth in himself, does better; because it would not be different with him if no such law existed.

Ask yourself of every one you are concerned with, what can I give him; what is he in want of; what is he capable of accepting; or what he would accept; and if you can tell, you know at least three fourths of his character.

CUSTOM.—Pythagoras gave this excellent precept—Choose always the way which seems best, how rough soever it be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

FOLLY.—Most people cast their eyes on the folly of others, that they may not see their own.

MERIT.—True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

A letter-box for the ARIEL is established at No. 71, Market-st. through which communications exclusively of a literary nature, and subscriptions, will be received.